

the Ft. Berthold, inhabited by Mandan, Hidasta and Arakari Indians. Their reservation is at present in great jeopardy, as the White fathers in Washington are trying to build a dam in that area and flood their lands. Needless to say, the Missouri Valley Authority would be a blessing for all of Western N. Dakota as well as S. Dakota; it is one of the state's great necessities. But, it is a pity that the Indian reservation has to be chosen as the site. It seems that first we drove the Indians west, taking away their lands from them; then when the whites decided to go West, they placed the Indians in reservations; and now, the whites want the reservations too. The Indians are protesting bitterly. Wish there was a solution such that N. D. could develop the MVA and still not rob the Indians of their peaceful hunting grounds.

From Roseglen I went to Judson and spent a few more days with the Nickels. Donavon came to Bismarck to meet me and we proceeded to Mandan where we had a royal feast at the beautiful Blank home. From there, some 12 miles past Judson, we came to the Heart river valley where the Nickel homestead is located. The scenery is very beautiful — a miniature Badlands, but green with vegetation. The Nickel farm is on three levels; river level, up hill and plateau. The grain on all grew successfully and the crops were bountiful. We also attended a 4-H meeting during which all members brought samples of their various projects... corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, and gave a report on the success of their project, if the fields were weed-free, etc. It was quite an interesting meeting. Donavon is quite an expert horseman and rides his steed like one of the rodeo. His dad, Mr. Louis Nickel, was one of the persons responsible for having the Heart River Valley irrigated, work on which will soon be started. The Heart river seems to be small and innocent, but it causes great floods with waters rising as high as 18 feet and causing untold damage in the millions.

The Evansons asked me to join them on their trip to Yellowstone and Glacier Parks, but darn it, even tho it was one of my dreams, I was unable to accept it.

I stopped off for a few hours in St. Paul and had dinner with Mrs. Ruth Abernethy of the Human Relations, and in the company of Constance Fisher and Sadi Sakai. I also visited the world renown International Institute of St. Paul where an invitation was extended to me to take part in their Festival of Nations, next April.

I came back to Chicago to find my place in an awful mess and mail galore.

On August 10th, Kazy, I and all concerned, became somewhat scared when Lil, who was expecting her addition to the family around the end of September, decided involuntary to commence the job then. She was rushed to the hospital and we commenced pacing the floor. Votive lights were burned and prayers were said and all came through with flying colors and Nancy Carol made her appearance on August 11th with a healthy yell announcing her arrival. The delivery was exceptionally easy. Being a premature birth, a priest of nearby Visitation church was summoned and the baby was immediately baptized. My heartiest congratulations to my beloved brother and sister and sincere gratitude to the great God for all His mercies and kindness.

During August I could have been in Yellowstone Park, the Tetons, Galcier Park, Calgary, Banff and Lake Louise. I also should have been with the Herman Stuersels in Columbia City, Ind. The Janias in Wis., and with Milton Stodolny and the Ukrainians in Canada and with the McCays traveling through the mountain regions of the East and South-east, but instead, the only traveling

I did was a daily 19 mile round trip via El, Sub and Tram to pick up special milk for the cute little babe Nancy Carol. My duties terminated when Nancy Carol was sent home to her papa and mama, on August 27th weighing 5 lbs and 2 oz. Some babe. But we all love her just the same.

Pasimatysim, Vyts-Fin.

STEPHANIE NOVICKY

(SEE PICTURE ON COVER)

Winning first place in this year's Chicagoland Music Festival piano contest was Stephanie Novicky, 19-year-old daughter of Mrs. Anna Novicky, 100 Broadway, Melrose Park. On Saturday night, August 17, she had the opportunity to play excerpts from the Grieg piano concerto in A minor for 95,000 people at Soldiers' field.

Stephanie and her sister, Anita, violinist and singer, have performed Lithuanian groups in Chicago since they began their musical careers. Anita is the girl who lived in Kaunas, Lithuania, from 1938 to 1940, marrying a concert pianist, George Karnavičius, three months before she left Europe.

Getting back to the younger sister, Stephanie hasn't been playing for two years, but found she couldn't keep away from music, so began practicing again in June.

With Grieg back in hand, she placed third in the preliminaries on Friday evening, August 2, at Kimbal hall. The finals, covering the Midwest, were held on Saturday morning, August 17, at the Lyon and Healy concert hall. She won first place, and so she got the chance to play for 95,000 people.

Striking coincidence came when she called home the good news and found out that the same morning her brother and his wife had become the parents of a daughter.

Stephanie was graduated from Proviso high school in Maywood in 1944. Then she left for Los Angeles and the University of Southern California. Courses in Liberal Arts continued when she returned to Chicago last summer and attended Roosevelt college and the University of Northwestern at night. In the meantime she had been working as a reporter on two community newspapers.

While yet in high school, she gave several recitals in and around Chicago. She did much playing for small groups, accompanied singers and violinists, played concertos with the high school orchestra, and in 1943 was winner of a contest for high school students which gave her the chance to play a concertino with the newly founded Junior Symphony Orchestra of Oak Park.

FAIRHOPE JUBILEE

The high point of the summer season on the eastern shore occurred around 1:30 o'clock Tuesday morning when a jubilee, a rare phenonema of Mobile Bay, piled up thousands of flounders, shrimp, crabs, (hard and soft) and other species of the finny tribe, on a four mile stretch of the beach from Mullet Point to Point Clear. Word of the invasion went up and down the beach like wild fire and it wasn't long before a big crowd in all kinds of attire, were there with gunny sacks, wash tubs, etc. People living on the beach filled their boats with all they could carry and one man, Andrew Grass and his family got 428 pounds, which he sold at a Mobile Fish house.

The jubilee which is supposed to be caused by salt water and fresh water meeting in the bay lasted around three or four hours. Fairhophians thought maybe there might be a chance that the episode would be repeated on the local beach that night and crowds thronged the picrs and beaches, but to no avail.

DIARY OF LT. JAMES J. LEARY

Co-Pilot on the Night Raider

(Continued from last month)

At about 12:00 o'clock George released our bombs and then we saw flak coming up at us. The flak was very poor and was off on our altitude and deflection both. George saw his bombs hit a little over the target which was darn good. He was quite happy over run and the results.

Of what we could see of the 328th bombs, they were pretty darn good too. We made a diving turn to the left trying to close up the gap between us and the 328th. As we passed out over the water again we could see enemy fighters taking off. We pushed the nose down and really picked up speed. The 328 was doing the same.

About ten minutes later as we were beginning to relax, enemy fighters appeared. We pushed the nose down and skimmed the waves doing about 240 MPH. Our wingmen were right with us.

Our second element lagged just a little bit. The first fighter made an attack from the right and above. He dove on us and let go with his guns. Tracers past our nose and I could almost feel them striking the ship and me as well. Funny sensation to say the least. Long streams of our tracers were all around this Junker 88 from the time he started his attack.

Then another attacked from the left. Our tracers were all around him, but he came right on. He cut loose with his guns and I could see the smoke puffing out of his guns. His tracers came right for our ship, and I thought they hit in the rear someplace. However only one went through the right rudder. The one on the right showed up again, but then one of his engines was smoking and soon he turned off and headed back toward France.

Turning around I saw another plane appear and make attacks on the second element. Both fighters seemed to concentrate on the second element now. They made a couple of half hearted passes at us and then really came in on the second element.

Several minutes later they turned back toward France. By now we had just about caught up to the 328. Our speed carried us past them. But by now we were out of danger.

We continued in a fairly loose formation all the way home. One of our gunners reported that Brown's No. 2 engine was on fire at one time, but was now feathered out and was O.K.

All the ships were accounted for. As we neared the English coast, the ceiling came down to about 2000 ft. and the visibility dropped down quite a bit. We hit the coast around Plymouth.

The land began to rise and the visibility became much worse. Only a couple of miles now. Hills began to appear and soon we were just skimming over them. Visibility still dropped. So all we could was go up through the clouds as the ground met the cloud base. After climbing on instruments for about ten minutes, we finally leveled off at about 5000 ft. above the clouds. Not too many of the formation appeared on top. We picked out a heading and after flying for about half an hour, we found out a hole and tried going under the cloud base. We had a low ceiling and a very poor visibility.

We flew for some time under the clouds, is was 3:30 and our gas was getting low. Almost ran into a couple radio towers.

We were flying low. Other planes, especially towing

gliders were quite a menace. Hardin couldn't see enough to find out where we were. So when our ETA had elapsed, we got our radio operator, Bob Jungbluth busy on the set getting QDM's. Finally got one and found that we were NW of the field.

Gas was our main worry and Bud wanted to down on an airfield with no runways. I talked him into trying for home. We started for home, and after several more QDM's and 15 minutes we flew right across our field. We saw another ship and we followed him in for a landing. He picked a runway that we had not intended to use. Our choice was 90 degrees to that of his. We could not see the field so we followed him again as he over-shot. We figured he was trying for the same runway as we were, but had missed by 90 degrees.

This time we kept the field in sight and lost him. We made our approach and were about 100 ft. off the ground when we saw him landing at 90 deg. to us. If both had continued we would have collided at the runway intersection. We got the red light and started around again. Evidently he saw us and did the same thing. We passed close, but without mishap. We circled, and came in and landed. We looked for him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

We reached operations about 15 minutes later and learned that two of his engines had cut out and that he had crashed. The pilot was a classmate of mine. He wasn't hurt, but his Bombardier, Howard Gilbert was instantly killed as were several of the enlisted men of the crew.

The plane was a total loss. Bud and I felt terrible about the affair, but it was one of those accidents. Ash had his tanks shot and ran out of gas on those two engines just at the wrong time. Two of our ships were missing. Both had landed safely in Southern England. They were Brown's and also Young's ships. Brown landed because of his No. 2 engine. He was with us several days later. Young landed with his co-pilot, crewmen and himself wounded.

Howard Young lost his right arm just below the elbow. His co-pilot was hit with the same bullet in the leg. His engineer was hit in the stomach and has been in a critical condition ever since, but with a fair chance for recovery.

The papers gave Howard's Bombardier all the credit for flying the ship home and landing it. Actually all he did was to apply the breaks. When Howard was hit he looked at his arm and knew it was gone; never the less, he continued to fly and stay in formation until the fighters left for good. While he flew, his Navigator applied a tourniquet to his arm and saved Howard from bleeding to death. When the danger was over, Howard turned the plane over to the wounded co-pilot who despite his leg wound flew the ship back to England. He was a new co-pilot and never had landed a B-24 before. He made a nice landing, but his leg hurt too much to apply the brakes, so he told the bombardier to put on the brakes, which he did.

Howard long before had been removed from his pilot seat, so the Bombardier had crawled in to be of assistance to the co-pilot. This in my estimation has been the best display of courage and true herism of the entire war so far. Although the credit was dished all wrong.

Howard Young is the best of spirits and thank God and his Navigator that he is still alive. He even looks forward to flying again by means of an artificial arm. Hope so. (To be continued)